

NORTH *Bi* NORTHWEST

Newsletter of the Seattle Bisexual Women's Network, a member project of Gay Community Social Services
 APRIL/MAY 1996 \$2.00 VOLUME 9, NUMBER 2

Spring Amour

by Sydne Brewer

The rhythmic clumping of horse hooves upon rock slowly drew me out of a deep slumber. Keeping my eyes shut against the warm sunlight, I tried to escape back into my dream. Damian and I were exploring a cave.

We had gone caving only once together, when Damian visited me at college back east. It was the only time he'd ever been spelunking and he loved it. We'd just met a few weeks earlier and hadn't seen one another since, so we were both feeling a bit awkward. After four hours in the cave, we went back to my apartment, showered, then made love. We'd been together ever since, almost six years, until Damian was killed last year. A hit and run while riding his bike. I was working and didn't find out until I got home, from a message on our answering machine. A damn message--"There's been an accident." It was just like in a movie.

Sleep was gone. I lay back on the grass, picturing his face--smiling at me, touching my hair. For months I cried almost daily, not knowing any other avenue through which I could expel the energy that was my grief. Though we had said it often, I couldn't remember the last time I told Damian that I loved him. This seemed very important to me. Some days I didn't go to work because I'd been up the whole night trying to remember.

After a while, my emptiness and sadness turned to an unforeseen fondness of remembrance. I smiled rather than cry

when I thought about him. The tears I'd fallen asleep to that day were for lost potential. Not Damian's, though God knows I cried plenty thinking of all the things he would have done. *Should* have done. But today I cried for myself. Memories of Damian weren't enough. I was so lonely, yet however much I wanted to love again, I didn't think it would ever happen. No man I met even began to compare to Damian. Beautiful, perfect Damian, who though I knew I was capable of living

without, I didn't want to. I couldn't become interested in anyone else and they couldn't compete with him, a perfect memory. I didn't want to be hurt again. It was too easy to just keep loving Damian. I couldn't let go and I didn't want to.

I stayed on my back in the grass thinking of Damian and listening to the uneven step of the horse. Then it stopped.

I sat up and peered down into the valley below, looking for the source of my afternoon disturbance. A horse was drinking from the stream.

It had a saddle, but no rider

was to be seen. I looked up and down the stream, searching for the rider and becoming a bit nervous upon not seeing anyone. Then a woman became visible on the other side of the stream, zipping up her pants as she emerged from the trees. She wore dark blue jeans and her white t-shirt was bright against her dark skin. She was wearing a cowboy hat, which she took off



Continued on Page 8

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North Bi Northwest is the bimonthly newsletter of the Seattle Bisexual Women's Network. It is produced by women and is feminist in content. We feature news and events pertinent to the bisexual community, plus creative writing, artwork, and an advice column.

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We welcome submissions from women and men that concern feminism, politics, sexuality, or anything of interest to bisexual women. Help define our culture! Share your histories, anger, pleasure, energy. Send us your essays, poetry, photographs, drawings, book reviews, short stories, interviews, media reports, rants, cartoons, erotica,

journals, theory, conversations and letters. You're important to us and what you have to say is important to everyone.

We accept submissions on disk with hard copy (PC), typed, legibly handwritten or by E-mail (nbinw@aol.com). If you send us something to print, you get a free issue; send six and get a year's subscription! Let us know what pseudonym you use, if you do not want to publish under your everyday name.

Views expressed in *North by Northwest* are those of the individual authors and do not necessarily represent the views of SBWN. Inclusion in this publication does not indicate author's sexual orientation.

Deadline for submissions to the next issue: May 1, 1996

North Bi Northwest is printed on bi paper! (50% recycled)

SBWN Statement of Purpose

We are a group of women from diverse backgrounds working to create a feminist bisexual support network. We promote, in both the heterosexual world and in the lesbian/gay community, the understanding and acceptance of bisexuality as one of many valid sexual identities.

We regard ourselves as part of the community united against heterosexism and homophobia. We are dedicated to the right of all people to define their own sexuality, free from any social, political, or economic coercion. The discriminations we face based on our gender and our

sexuality are not the only forms of oppression. We recognize that oppression is non-hierarchical and that none of us is free until all of us are free. We have invested ourselves in the feminist struggle to transform our culture into one free of all forms of bigotry, hatred, and exploitation.

We seek to provide a safe place for women to explore all aspects of their sexual orientation and identity. All women are welcome to attend SBWN activities. We are exclusively a women's group in order to create a safe space for women's expression and leadership. We come together to affirm ourselves and our choices.

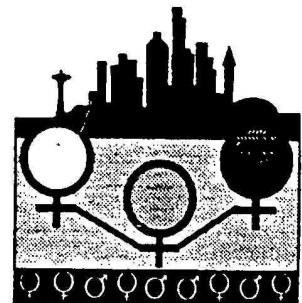
North Bi Northwest

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Seattle Bisexual Women's
 Network

PO Box 30645
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SBWN can always use volunteers to help with a variety of tasks. Give us a call or talk to a facilitator at a meeting.

North Bi Northwest is available by subscription (see above) or at area bookstores and newstands, including: in Seattle, **Red and Black Books, Beyond the Closet, Bailey Coy Books, Fremont Place Book Company, and Toys in Babeland.**

North Bi Northwest is a publication of the Seattle Bisexual Women's Network, a member project of Gay Community Social Services, PO Box 2228, Seattle, WA 98122-0228. (Not for correspondence with SBWN or *North Bi Northwest*).

From the Editor...

What a wonderful time to be alive! Spring always has this wonderful rebirth about it for me and no wonder. So many of us find new energy for the things we love. With all of its new opportunities for growth and self awareness, we move into a time of renewal, recommitment, refocusing, and relaxation.

While *North Bi Northwest* has gone through some reorganization, so many of your encouraging words of help have renewed our new team during our struggle to bring you an interesting and quality newsletter. So we want to say "thank you" with deep

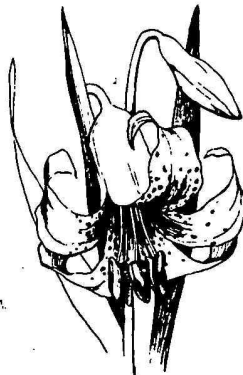
sincerity to everyone who has helped get this edition out. We hope that you enjoy reading it as much as we do. I'm always touched by the candor of the people who send us their stuff. So often it's a real window into their souls and my own.

Our next issue is on celebrations - both personal and public. What was the one moment in your life you want to celebrate? What do we gain from celebrating? Don't forget you can E-mail your submissions to us at NBINW@AOL.COM.

Thanks for all your support - you are what this newsletter is all about!

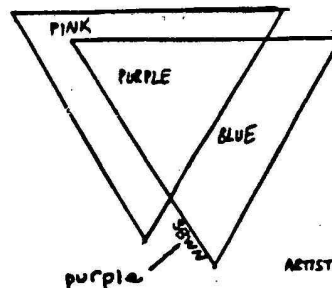
Come smell the Tulips!

Join us for the April 13 SBWN social for a tour of the Skagit Valley tulip and daffodil farms. We will meet at 10:00am (at a location to be determined) and take the bus tours through the valley. The price is only \$2.00 per person (or \$5.00 per family). This is an all ages excursion, and everyone is welcome. Check out the "country life" and take advantage of some shopping opportunities in the quaint communities of LaConnor and Mount Vernon. For additional information, please call Aileen. Hope to see you there!



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GET THEM AT SBWN MEETINGS AND AT NATIONAL COMING OUT DAY CELEBRATIONS. WE CAN ALSO MAIL THEM FOR AN ADDITIONAL \$2 POSTAGE AND HANDLING.



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The Seattle Bisexual Women's Network
Date _____ SBWN Coordinating Committee

Memberships are \$10-50 a year on a sliding scale, and are open to women everywhere. Members are entitled to discounts on events and purchases. See mail-in form on previous page.

ATTENTION ALL READERS!

Due to increasing costs, for the first time in over 8 years, we are forced to raise our subscription rate and cover price. Effective with our *next* issue (June/July) our subscription rate will increase from \$10 to \$12. The single issue price will increase from \$2 to \$2.50. Take advantage of us now - renew your subscription at the old rate of \$10. This offer will expire June 1 - so time is limited. Better still, buy a gift subscription when you renew and save \$4! Just use the subscription coupon on page 2.

Newsy Bits & Organizations

Call for submissions:

An Anthology about Bisexual Men

Essays are now being accepted for a collection of political, historical, and theoretical essays about bisexual men. This will be the first anthology to focus on bisexual men in the U.S. and the first bi book to have most of the contributors be bisexual men (essays by bisexual women which address their experiences with bisexual men will also be accepted).

Essays for the book should engage larger theoretical and/or political discourses around bisexuality and not simply be personal narratives or coming out stories. Some of the topics that could be addressed include the intersections between gender, race, class, and bisexual identities; the state of bi male activism today and suggestions for future directions; the relationship between bi men and feminism; ways that bimen can assume an active political role without usurping the power of women (whose leadership has been one of the most positive aspects of the bisexual movement); and how bi men can counter stereotypes like the myth that they are responsible transmitting HIV/AIDS to the larger society.

The deadline for submissions is Oct. 1. For guidelines or more information, contact Brett Beemyn, PO Box 584, Iowa City; Iowa 52244 (SASE appreciated); 319-354-5793; brett-beemyn@uiowa.edu.

About the editor: Brett Beemyn is a Ph.D. candidate in African American Studies at the University of Iowa, where he teaches classes in African American Studies and Queer Studies. He co-edited *Queer Studies: A Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender Anthology* (to be published in August by NYU Press) and edited *Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Community Studies* (to be published in 1997 by Routledge). He was also co-chair of InQueery, InTheory, InDeed: The Sixth North American Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Studies Conference (1994) and coordinator of the National Conference Celebrating Bisexuality (1993). Previously, he has been a regional delegate for BiNet U.S.A.

Interested in facilitator training? Sandra Jo will be holding a training workshop at the LRC on April 7, 11:00am - 3:00pm. Call Sandra Jo for more details at 328-4895. If you are interested in facilitating SBWN meetings, call Kellie or the phone line and leave a message!

On Sunday, May 5th, at 5:00pm is the 2nd Annual Lesbian Health Buffett. This year the buffet will be in the Dome Room in the Arctic Building. Admission is \$10. Call GCSS for additional details at 292-5144.



Bisexual Women's Safer Sex Strategies Focus of Workshop

On May 11, the Northwest AIDS Foundation will present the quarterly safer-sex workshop, Hot Dam!, focusing on the needs of bisexual women. While the workshop has always been targeted at the lesbian and bisexual women's community, this installment will specifically emphasize bisexual women's HIV prevention needs and issues.

The workshop covers a wide range of topics including HIV transmission basics, communicating with your partner and eroticizing safer sex. The workshop will include several speakers, fantasy role-playing and exploring safer-sex issues.

"While the workshop is open to all women who have sex with women, we feel it is very important to specifically give bisexual women an opportunity to explore issues unique to their experiences," NWAFF Women's Education Specialist Angela Powell said. "It is important for women to have a safe environment to discuss safer-sex issues on their own terms, and this is part of our efforts to provide that environment."

The workshop will be held at the Foundation offices, 127 Broadway East, Suite 200, from 10am to 4pm on May 11. Participants are encouraged, but not required, to register in advance by calling 860-6254. Childcare and ASL interpretation is available by requesting these services by May 3.

The Northwest AIDS Foundation is a volunteer-driven, nonprofit AIDS service organization that provides case management, housing assistance, and emergency grants to people with AIDS, wellness information for people with HIV, prevention education, public policy advocacy, and grants to other AIDS service organizations throughout Washington state.

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feminist politics-**

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Submissions

If you've never been published here, you may not think of North Bi Northwest as your publication, but if you're here, it really is. Even if you don't think of yourself as a writer, we'd like to have your input; this is an SBWN project, not a mainstream magazine. Please help us editors/publishers out. We need input to keep going; we're now in our ninth year!

If you send us something to print, you get a free issue; send us six and get a year's subscription! Let us know what pseudonym you use, if you do not want to publish under your everyday name. Also, include a brief biography with each submission.

We welcome fiction, poetry, non-fiction and art. And remember, the Answer Amazons are looking for a new, tough topic to tackle!

The deadline for the next issue is Wednesday, May 1. Entries should be sent to our PO Box, handed to a newsletter production member at a meeting, or sent by E-mail to nbinw@aol.com. If your submission is not in the following issue, keep looking - we will use submissions as space and content allows.

Dear readers of *North Bi Northwest*,

Months after the fact, *off our backs*, the oldest continuously publishing feminist magazine in the USA, discovered that we have had a problem with sending out renewal cards in the past year, so we have lost touch with a fair number of our subscribers. Now we are searching for people who used to read *oob*. If you are one of our lost readers, please send in for your subscription today. And tell your friends about us.

Feminist journalism is in a bad way. In 1981, *off our backs* organized a 'Women in Print' conference to which 250 women came, representing about 400 feminist and lesbian bookstores, newspapers, magazines, printers, publishers, and archivists. There are still over 100 bookstores, and there are just about as many book publishers, but the feminist newspapers have just about disappeared - *Big Mama Rad*, *Plexus*, *New Directions for Women*, *New Women's Times* are all gone. As far as we know, of all the US monthly newsprint, only *Sojourner* and *off our backs* are still going.

This is not to dismiss other types of valuable publications. For example, *Women's Review of Books* and *Ms.* are still going strong. But smaller feminist periodicals have had troubles. It is hard to keep up both the editorial content and the business end of a monthly, especially if you rely on an unpaid collective as *off our backs* does, and what the others largely did. We totally rely on paid subscribers and bookstore distribution for our income - *oob* has hardly and paid ads, but runs quite a few free ads given to feminist conferences and publications.

That's enough about the business end of being a feminist news journal - both old and new readers will want to see all the feminist news fit to print, coverage of feminist conferences, interviews with grassroots activists, analysis of international issues, reproductive rights, violence against women, and lesbian issues - all women's issues in *off our backs*. If you don't know us, get a trial sub for \$6 and try us out. Despite the hard times, *off our backs* is still here after 26 years!

alice henry
oob collective member since 1977

*A year sub is \$21, a trial sub (3 issues) goes for \$6. Send to *off our backs*, 2337B 18th St NW, Washington, DC 20009. E-mail: 73613.1256@compuserve.com

Remembering A Spring Love...

by Aileen

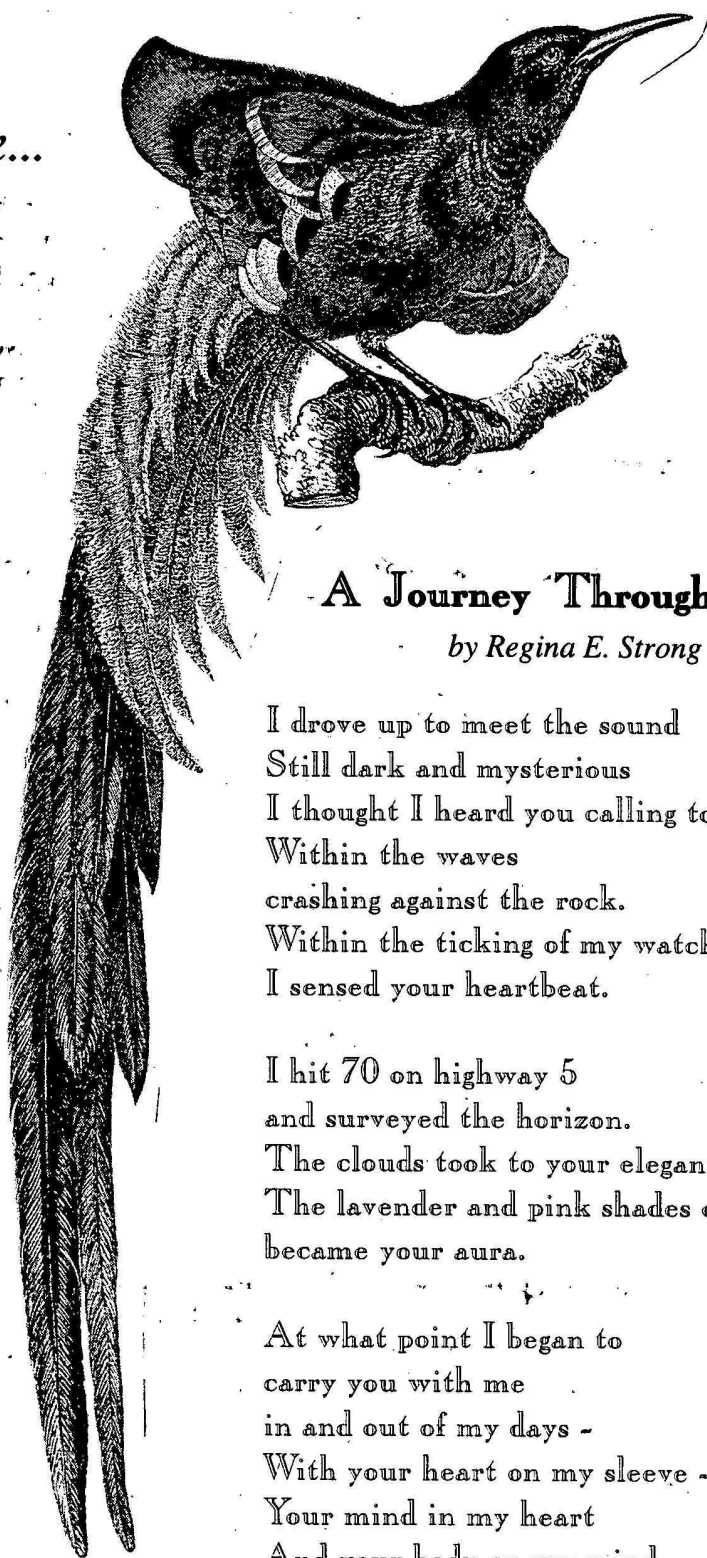
Her name, as common as daffodils in spring
will never seem ordinary to me again;
her perfume is intoxicating: is it lavender
or lilacs?
and every love song on the radio is for us.

The excitement I feel getting to work and
seeing her car in the parking lot,
just knowing the possibility is there
that we might "run into each other" -
it brightens by rain-soaked days and
sets me afloat, dreaming of the night we met...

I was on the edge of my seat
hanging on her every word
I'd asked her what she does, at work
three times, and three times
instantly forgot what she said;
talking on the phone
hours seem only minutes,
closing my eyes to better hear
every nuance, every smile in her lovely voice
must be from the angels...

I can't take my eyes off her
as familiar as her looks have become
I love to see her in different light-
inside; outside, alone, in a crowd
wanting to spend every moment together,
the time apart is eternity
the longing, like a hot, desert ache.

I haven't felt spring love for awhile-
not since last year
or was it just last week?



A Journey Through Days

by Regina E. Strong

I drove up to meet the sound
Still dark and mysterious
I thought I heard you calling to me,
Within the waves
crashing against the rock.
Within the ticking of my watch
I sensed your heartbeat.

I hit 70 on highway 5
and surveyed the horizon.
The clouds took to your elegant features
The lavender and pink shades of dusk
became your aura.

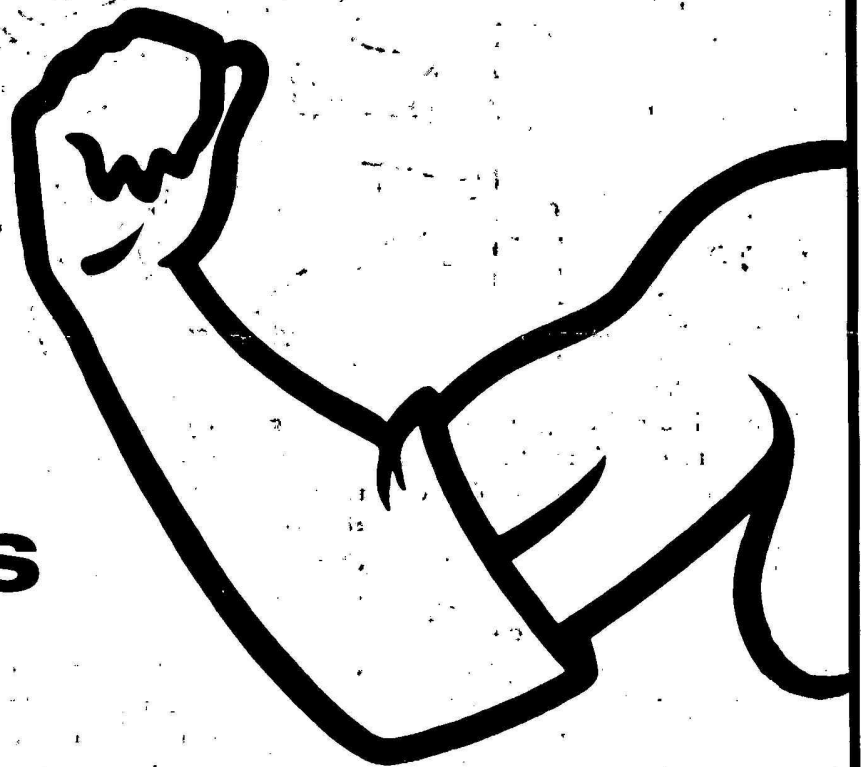
At what point I began to
carry you with me
in and out of my days -
With your heart on my sleeve -
Your mind in my heart
And your body on my mind -

Our love is unquestionable
Not even days and evenings
apart will break the bond
No being can single mindedly
imagine my love for you.



A free workshop for lesbians
and bisexual women who want
to learn more about safer sex -
all the whys and several
delightful hows.

**Next workshop:
Saturday, May 11
For information
call 860-6241
or TDD 323-2685**



**Special, next workshop:
Eroticism and safer sex for
bisexual women**

Women, Sex, and Latex

as she crossed the stream, shaking out her curly black trusses. She put the hat on the horse's bum and ran her fingers through her hair, then raised her arms high above her head and arched her back as she stretched her arms back, making her perky round breasts stand at attention. Her long legs were accentuated in tight jeans tucked inside red cowboy boots. She gracefully mounted the big black stallion and with a slight pull on the reigns turned the horse to the right and they were off, the horse walking carefully on the rocks and this beautiful goddess sitting erect as she rocked slowly and gently from side to side. They disappeared around a bend.

I got up, put on my pack and went down the hill. Squatting in front of the stream, I splashed cold water on my face. When I stood up I noticed a reflection just beside the stream. It was a watch. The clasp on the brown, worn leather band was still closed. One

of the pins had come loose from the watch. It said 1:50. It must be hers. I started off in the direction of the two dark beauties.

I'd been walking only a few minutes when I noticed a horse trail that lead away from the stream. I followed it for more than an hour. In and out of trees it went, up and down hills, through a beautiful grassy field filled with early blooming wild flowers. My journey was solitary, with no people to be seen or, more importantly, heard. No wonder the trail

was so worn. This is just what I'd come to Stehekin for--a weekend of solitude and beauty.

After a long gradual descent through some trees, I was back at the stream again. I followed the trail along it for a few minutes before noticing a clearing. There was a log cabin nestled among the trees and foliage. I was just about to leave the canopy of the trees when I saw her. She was walking around the house from the far side, where I supposed the stable must be, and was

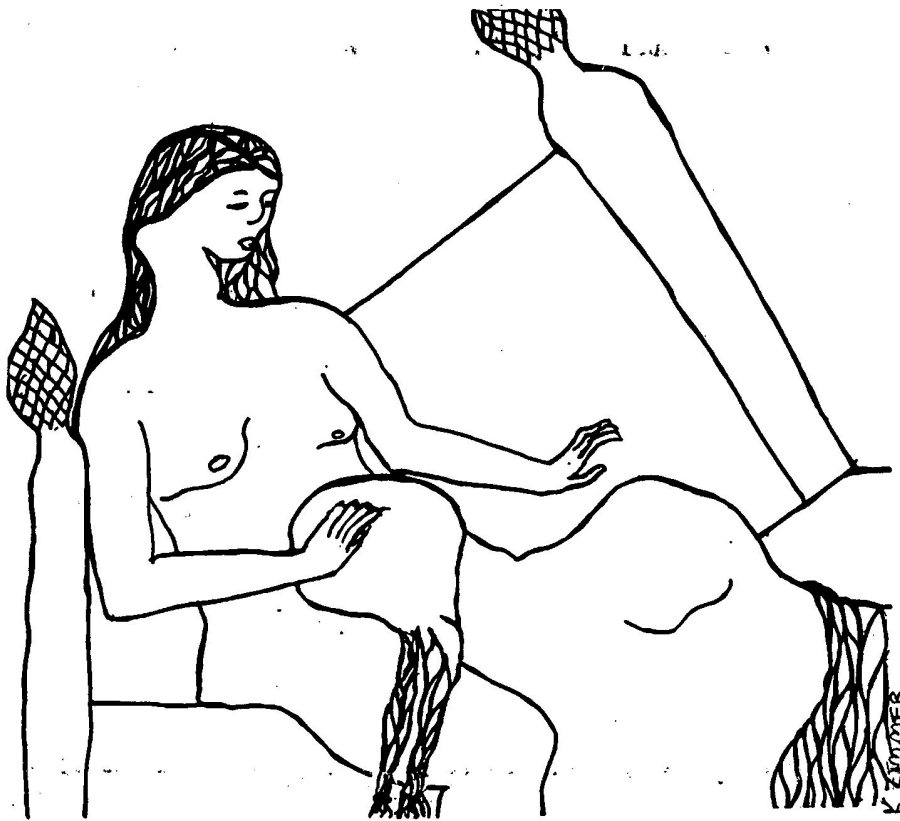
took off her panties. She must have recently shaved because disappearing between her legs and guarding her hidden treasure was a strip of black hair no more than two inches wide.

She pulled her hair back into a pony tail and took something from the basket, then she walked down the slope from the deck to the stream. She was a bit further up than I was, so there was no danger of my being seen. I'd have been hard-pressed to explain my behavior, spying as I was, but I had no

control over my actions. I was completely mesmerized, or at least enchanted to immobility.

She stood on a rock in the stream and washed as I realized it was soap that she had taken from the basket. She bent down and splashed water all over herself, then rubbed the bar between her hands, creating a thick lather. She rubbed the soapy bar up and down her long

legs, bending over with her perky ass sticking out firm and round, which she soaped up well. She lathered up her breasts and I watched white bubbly foam slide down to, then drip off of each nipple, big and brown and hard as her strong hands massaged soap all over her shiny dark skin. A soapy hand found its way between her legs where her soft black down made more and more soapy bubbles. It was all I could do to keep from running out there, grabbing the soap and making sure she



carrying a small basket. She climbed the few steps to the back deck and removed the lid from a hot tub. Then she began to undress. From the safety of my hiding place I felt compelled to watch her.

She was long, brown and strong with wide hips and a firm, round ass. Her big dark curls rested lightly on her shoulders. She pulled a white sports bra off over her head. Her breasts were full and round with very dark areolas and I held my breath as she bent over and

didn't miss any part of her sleek, wet beautiful body, then stripping down and saying, "Me next!"

She sat down on the rock and was very quick to rinse off, because the water was quite cold. Then she ran back to the deck and quickly eased herself into the hot water, turning on the air jets. She lay back her head and closed her eyes, steam enveloping her head.

I felt safe to get closer. Leaving my pack, I crept through the trees to be alongside the deck, then I climbed a tree and managed to get out on a branch that extended toward the deck. I was at her back, but was not disappointed as I felt safer that way. What the hell was I doing anyhow? After a few minutes, just enough time to warm up I suppose, she got out and washed her hair with shampoo from the basket and water from a huge bucket by the deck. God she was sexy. Watching her wash her hair was almost as good as her bath in the stream.

She got back in the tub and immediately began to masturbate under the water. One hand remained submerged while she licked and sucked the fingers of the other. She arched her back and rhythmically slid up and down in the water. I began to rub my pussy against the fat tree limb I was straddling. There was a nub right under my clit and I took full advantage of it. My rocking was in sink with hers as I lay down and hugged the branch, pressing hard and moving faster making little circular motions with my hips as my wet pussy made love to the tree. I had to clinch my teeth to keep from crying out as I came with a shudder. At the same moment, the dark goddess sank down further into the water and lay still.

A few minutes later she got out, toweled off a bit, closed the lid to the hot tub, gathered her clothes and went inside. I sat in the tree breathing heavily.

I'd never been with a woman before. Though I wasn't opposed to it, I'd simply never had an opportunity and was never really interested enough to pursue it. Until now, that is. Watching this dark beauty I'd become very aroused. I'm sure it helped that I hadn't had sex or even masturbated since Damian died.

Suddenly I grabbed at my pocket. I'd forgotten all about the watch. Of course it was still there. I smiled, imagining her opening the door and me saying, "Yes, that is a watch in my pocket, but I'm still excited to see you."

I sat in the tree for a bit, trying to calm down before getting my pack and going to her door. When she answered it, my heart was pounding. She smiled at me with a big beautiful mouth and full dark lips and said "hi" as if she'd been expecting me. She had big brown eyes, thick black lashes and high, prominent cheekbones. Her smile produced big, irresistible dimples. She was wearing a long-sleeve, white button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up and the first three buttons undone. Letting her hair air-dry, her shirt was wet and see-through where her damp curls had rested. I could see she wasn't wearing a bra. Her shirt was over a long skirt with a big-flower print and her feet were bare. I never knew feet could turn me on.

"Please, come in," she said. I did, putting my pack down just inside the door. "I was just about to have a glass of wine. Would you like to join me?"

"Sure," I said. I stood uncertainly in the center of the room. She'd already gone into the kitchen before I remembered why I was there. Well, at least as far as she was to know. "I found your watch. I mean, I found a watch. Is it yours?"

"My watch." She looked at her bare wrist. "I didn't know I'd lost it," she said, taking it from me. "Where did you find it?"

"By the stream. Not here," I quickly added, feeling my face beginning to

redden. "Further down. I'd seen you on your horse and I followed a trail here."

"I'm glad you did," she said, putting it on the counter. My heart began to race again. I couldn't believe she was so happy to see me, too. "It was a gift from my father." Damn, I thought. I could be way off. "My name is Sarita."

"I'm Danielle," I said. She handed me a chilled glass of Chablis and I followed her to the deck. The rest of the day and night was a dream. Even now, I'm not sure it was real. We sat talking for hours as I told her all about Damian and why I needed this spring "break" so much; she told me her father had died and she was moving to Italy to live with and take care of her mother. She had sold her house in Texas, shipped her belongings overseas and was house-sitting the cabin for some friends for the past month. She would be leaving in two days.

She asked me to stay for dinner and of course I consented. I took a shower and made us a fire while she prepared the food. We sat on big square pillows on the floor in front of the fire and ate baked ocean perch with a spicy salsa with papaya and vegetables, enormous fresh steamed artichokes with two sauces--a wonderful garlic butter and homemade mayonaisse, curried rice with roasted cashews, hard crusted french bread, brie and another bottle of wine. For dessert she produced creamy vanilla ice cream topped with big pieces of sweet, juicy mango and plump, red strawberries. She wouldn't tell me where all this wonderful food came from, but my mind was soon on other subjects.

She came over and sat down right beside me. We were facing one another and our legs were touching. With one hand she reached up and gently caressed my thigh. With the other she cradled my face, pulling it towards her. Her eyes closed and she drew her lips toward mine, opening them slightly. Our first kiss was the most intimate I'd ever ex-

Continued on Page 14

Sex in Paperback: Reviews of Some Current Books on Sex, Part II

by Anna Powell

The Wild Girls Club: Tales from Below the Belt; Anka Radakovich, A Fawcett Columbine Book, published by Ballantine Books, 1994.

The first story here, "Girl Talk," tells of the author and women friends getting together and talking about how to give a better blowjob and "how we do ourselves." This just made me feel dirty. While I may have participated in some conversations like this, I don't write about them for the perverse pleasure of others.

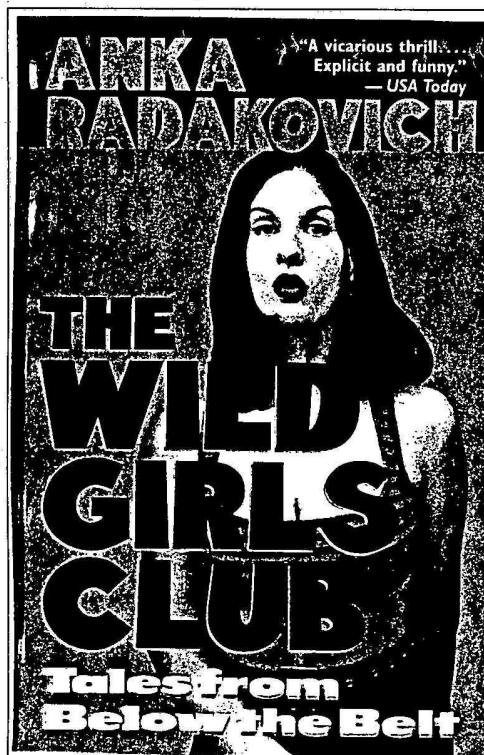
But then, Radakovich ends with "If guys heard everything we discussed they would squirm, stop feeling flattered that we spend so much time delving into their psyches, and run for the hills. They would probably feel embarrassed for their entire species." Makes up for a lot.

Radakovich writes condom reviews, and aphrodisiac reviews. She writes about the different conditions of men's apartments, about hiring an "escort." Those talk phone lines, and losing a job. And she uses racy titles: *The Young Girl and the Sea*; *Cruising the Love Boat*, and *Lip Service: On Being a Cunning Linguist*.

Most of these essays are funny, and smart. In *The Booby Trap: My Cup Runneth Over* she talks about breasts, hers. "As mine emerged," I said to her, "I hope I don't get big jugs like yours, Mom." She matter-of-factly replied, "Don't worry, when you get older the boys will like them." What an odd thing for my mother to say. "What do boys have to do with my breasts?"

In *Poles Apart: A Hard Look at Penises* the topic is, of course,

men and their penis(es). "Rarely will you hear a bunch of women bragging about clitoris size. ("Wow, Betty—you wouldn't believe how big mine gets! It's almost an inch!")" I laughed out loud at this.



Want to know how silly people get with video cameras: "He was also disappointed when he saw his penis on the screen. He thought it would have looked bigger, considering the camera is supposed to add ten pounds." (*My Camcorder, My Self*.)

The author admits to a lot of wild behavior. It's like reading someone's diary. There's a bit of voyeurism, along with being along for the ride of your life.

As she writes these essays for *Details* magazine, I assume some of these things haven't really happened to her. And of course, the magazine pays for the dating services, the Singles cruise, etc. But, if you want to know the truth about those ads in the papers (*Single White Female*), or how to dump your lover (*The Goodbye Girl*) this is a great resource.

Advertising

North Bi Northwest welcomes advertising from bi-friendly businesses, individuals, organizations and services. Our advertising rates are as follows:

Business card size: \$10/issue	Quarter page: \$20/issue
Half page: \$40/issue	Full page: \$80/issue
2 consecutive issues: 15% discount	
3 consecutive issues: 30% discount	

For more information call (206) 517-7767 & leave a message.

Talk Dirty to me: An Intimate Philosophy of Sex, Sallie Tisdale, An Anchor Book, published by Doubleday, 1994.

I really enjoyed this book, but I'm not sure I can tell you what it's about.

This book is first, a series of essays on sex. They are divided into four groups, Desire, Arousal, Climax, and Resolution. Sort of like the stages we go through when having sex. And interesting enough, Desire is 5 chapters, Arousal is 4, while Climax and Resolution are both 2 chapters long. Is this saying anything about the relative amount of time we spend on each stage?

Tisdale writes history, religion, and personal stories here. She quotes from famous artists and philosophers, and her friends. It's an interesting mix.

And after reading this book, I think she's bisexual. But it's never made totally clear what she would label herself, except a sexual being.

While watching a Spanish-language TV program, Tisdale sees a woman put a condom on a cucumber, in a very matter-of-fact way. Even though she didn't understand the language, she becomes jealous. "I am bombarded by insinuation and entendre, by seductive skin and promises. I am bombarded by recrimination for my sexuality, reprimanded, as are we all, all our lives. We seduce and reprimand each other. We can't make up our minds." And then "The 1990s, in fact, may be one of the hardest times in history to talk lucidly about sex at all."

Under the Arousal section, Tisdale discusses Murray Davis and his book *Smut*. Davis tries to delineate the limits of acceptable sex by defining unacceptable forms. He has his lists, including "Sex Through Distance", "Sex Through Pain and Provocation", "Sex With Things", "Sex With Two Few and Too Many Others", "With Wrong Sense Receptors", "With Outgroups", and on and on.

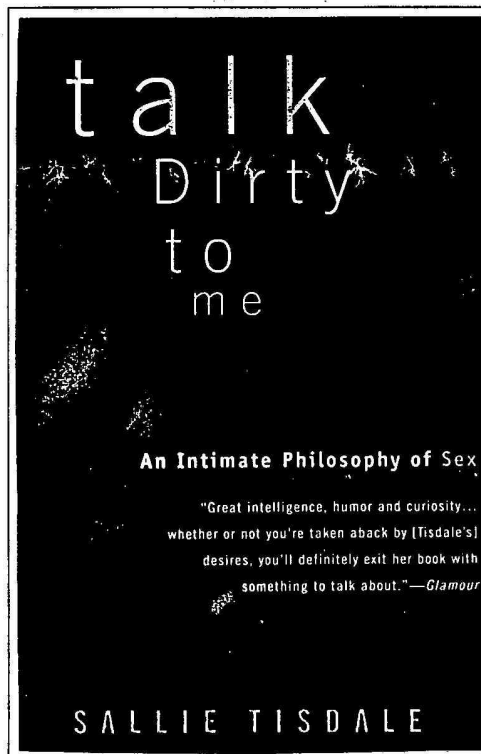
When it comes to defining what someone considers perverted, start with what we don't think is perverted. Do we have the ability to say "Sex between 2 people who care for/

respect each other is normal", or do we instantly say "Sex between a man and a woman is normal?" Where are each of our biases, whether cultural or personal?

This book got me to think about lots of things around sex, around what I like, why I like it, what I might try sometime. While interviewing a prostitute, Tisdale considers paying her to have sex with her; "As soon as I imagine it my lust expands outward..." I can understand this, I can see being in that situation, and I don't know how I would respond.

One of my favorite parts is where she discusses the Kinsey scale for sexual orientation, and the continuum of sexual definition. "The range should not be zero through six, but zero through six hundred, or six thousand. There are not only many sexualities, there are many homosexualities, many heterosexualities, more than 31 flavors. Perhaps there is one sexuality for each of us."

If you want a serious look at sex, through the ages, viewed by famous people, guided by a verylikable woman who doesn't let things get really academic, who is able to tie some of this stuff to her own life, this is a really good read. And it's just out in trade paperback.



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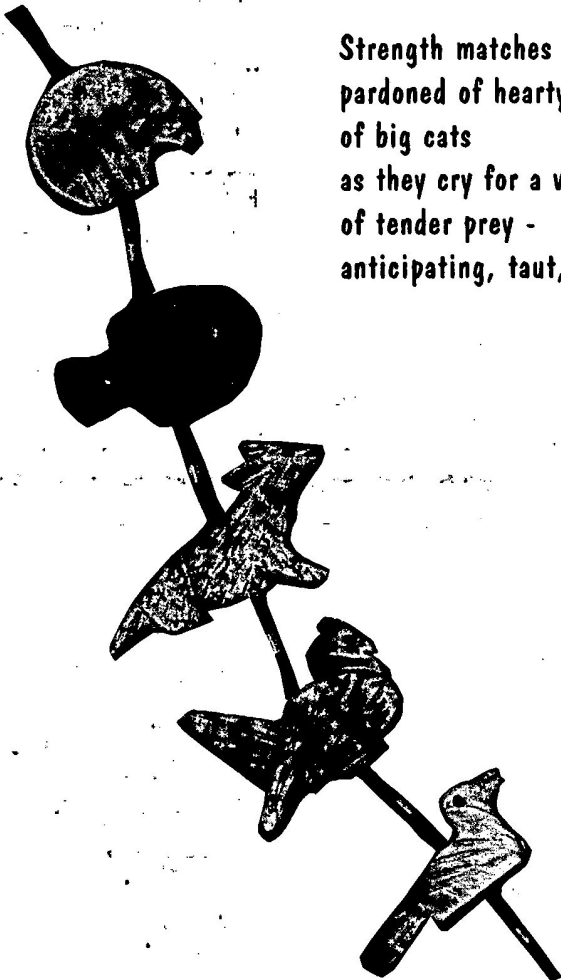
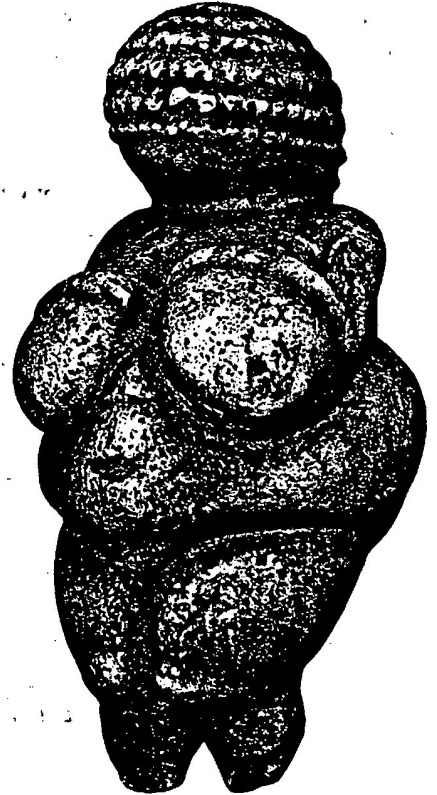
Soul Retrieval

by Christine Artemis

You entrust your body to me-
and I enshrine it
(skin of dolphins in sleep, you
exhale bird's wings)
with the touch of architecture
and witchcraft
from my parted lips

Strength matches stealth
pardoned of hearty wolves,
of big cats
as they cry for a vision
of tender prey -
anticipating, taut, bittersweet

Wilderness adorns us
with rounded Buddha belly
against porcelain Goddess thighs -
submerged in a potpourri
of history,
I remember again who I am
in the comfort of your temple



Let's face it, we all have our problems.
Whether it's a perilous polyfidelity predicament or simply how to shop for latex, North Bi Northwest is here to help. In keeping with the spirit of bisexuality, we offer more than one reply to each question. Send your queries to our P.O. Box or E-mail address; our wisdom-mongers are standing by.

The Answer Amazons are taking a well deserved vacation for this issue. Please send in your queries for the next issue!



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Ladies...the Details

by Sydne Brewer

The ski weekend was quite a trip
Though skiing was the activity least done.
But with seven women alone for two days
We couldn't have not had fun.

Friday night Lisa and Lee were surprised
On the floor by the fire in the dark.
Soon with Kellie's washable magic markers
On Regina's back was beautiful art.

A nearby lodge advertised
"Hot butt ram, sure sounds good"
For those who weren't yet satisfied.
Most of our nearly two tons of food

Stayed cold out on the deck.
The door of that tiny refrigerator just kept coming off
And mysteriously enough when we began to dance,
So did most of our tops.

But that wasn't our fault, you see it was hot
That damn fire was just out of control.
By Saturday night we were using tissues for toilet paper
As we'd run out of that which Lisa stole

From the hot tub room where Sydne and Lee learned
They couldn't outsmart the managers for
After-hours use of the hot tubs. Damn!
But no mind, for we soon had more

Than was likely allowed in the tub
Which with five was filled to the brim.
Water slopped over the sides as we jammed to Melissa.
By the way, what ever happened to Kim?

With their pedicures and playdough pigs and vaginas,
Regina and Kellie provided many a pleasure.
As did Terri's velvet-clad legs, Aileen's massages
And Regina proudly showing off her dildo treasures.

At one game it seemed everyone wanted to lose
It was "Questions" and with this group of sisters
"I can't answer that," was a favorite response
The penalty being you had to kiss her.

Watching the Playboy videos
Brought forth shouts of "Rewind!" and "Pause it!"
While Regina and Kellie's own private room
Gave new meaning to "coming out of the closet."

perienced. With her hands and lips she seemed to envelope me, drawing me inside of her as if we shared a cocoon. Her tongue found mine as we pressed our bodies closer together and felt one another through our clothes.

We stood up together in front of the fire and she slowly began to undress me. With each article of clothing she removed, she examined the newly exposed part of my body, then brought her eyes up to mine, where she held me in her gaze with a look of woeful approval before continuing to disrobe me. I stood naked in front of her and she devoured me with her eyes. We kissed again, long and deliberately, her thick lips caressing my neck and throat.

Then it was my turn to undress her. I unfastened the remaining buttons of her shirt and opened it wide, leaving it on her. The fire flickered over her dark round breasts, which I gently cupped in my hands, massaging as I kissed one, then the other, sucking her big hard nipples and caressing them with my tongue. I pulled her skirt down and she stepped out of it, standing in front of me with white lace panties glowing against her hot dark skin. They were cut narrow in the front and extended high over her full hips, her long legs disappearing into my shadow at the knees. I placed my hands on her hips, sliding them back, squeezing the taught skin of her generous ass. The French cut of her panties got tiny and disappeared into her crack. I slid my hands inside them and pulled her panties down, then moved my hands up her back, underneath her shirt, feeling the strong muscles of her back ripple under my touch while the rough cotton of her shirt rubbed between our breasts.

She removed her shirt and took me by the hand, leading me to the bedroom where she lay me back on the soft cool quilt covering the bed. Then she went about devouring me with her full, sensual lips. She turned me onto my stomach and kissed the small of my back, then moved up my sides and under my arms, rolling me back over to face her. Her lips lightly brushed the insides of my thighs, first one, then the other--back and forth, moving slowly closer to my throbbing pussy. I was in agony. I was in ecstasy. I reached down between my legs and began to rub my wet fingers, slick from my juices, feverishly against my clit as she worked her way up to my breasts. She took a firm pink nipple into her mouth, sucking hard with those strong thick lips, then nibbling oh-so-gently with her teeth and flicking her tongue against it. She did the same with the other breast. I continued masterbating as I reached my other hand up towards her snatch, which was as wet as my own. I could feel her throbbing as her hot lips welcomed my touch. I curled my finger and worked it right up on her clit, instantly finding her g-spot, moving my finger around and around in tiny circles, eliciting a tiny wimper from my new lover. She took over the stimulation of my own clit

and I caressed her breast as our mouths came together once again. We brought each other to climax this way, then rested on the bed together, kissing softly.

She began to caress me lightly, her fingertips like a mere whisper against my skin, sending a shudder through my whole body. From under the bed she produced a feather duster, with which we tickled each other, covering every part of our bodies, from the soles of our feet to the backs of our knees to our soft mounds to our armpits to our ears. It was a most pleasurable form of torture.

I moved on top of Sarita and crawled down towards her sweet love box, straddling her head with my knees and lowering my juicy pussy to her lips as I bent to partake of my own feast. She puckered her mouth and blew. Her breath felt cool against my hot lips. Then she began to lap up my juices with her tongue, flicking it in and out and up across my clit every time. Her hips had begun to gyrate against my mouth and we rocked up and down in sync, not unlike when she was in the hot tub and I was in the tree. She pressed her lips hard against my clit and began to suck, working her tongue hard against me. We both began to moan as we moved our hips and mouths faster. It seemed to go on forever until finally we climaxed, first her then me.

Again we lay panting on the bed, this time entwined in one another's arms and legs, our sweat letting our limbs slide easily across one another. We fell asleep that way, and when Sarita woke me in the middle of the night to crawl under the covers, we made love again.

In the morning, I was awakened by a gentle kiss and opened my eyes to see Sarita's beautiful smiling face just inches from my own.

We sat wrapped in blankets on the porch to stay warm against the cold morning. The ground was covered with a glistening dew and we could see our breath as we sat drinking strong rich coffee and eating a warm walnut cinnamon coffee cake that Sarita had just taken from the oven.

We showered together, then spent the morning horseback riding and hiking through the beautiful countryside. After a late lunch we bathed in the creek, then relaxed in the hot tub, making love again that afternoon. I confessed my spying of the previous day. Sarita said she knew I was watching the whole time and that she'd "lost" her watch on purpose. When I asked her what if I hadn't found it, she shut me up with a kiss and told me not to worry about that, because I *did* find it.

That evening I left, feeling completely liberated. I never saw or heard from her again. ♥

Ovulation

by Lily Pond

I have a convocation of crows
in my cunt

I have a convocation of crows
in my cunt cawing

I have a convocation of crows

I have a basket of snakes
in my cunt

I have a basket of snakes
in my cunt sliding

I have a basket of snakes

Screaming the infants
the mouths of the infants birds
Screaming for worms
Wide as the stretch of a cunt
I have a convocation of crows
I have a basket of snakes

I have a black bat
I have a bat in my cunt
I have lizards
I have peonies
I have grasshoppers
I have a convocation of crows
I have a basket of snakes

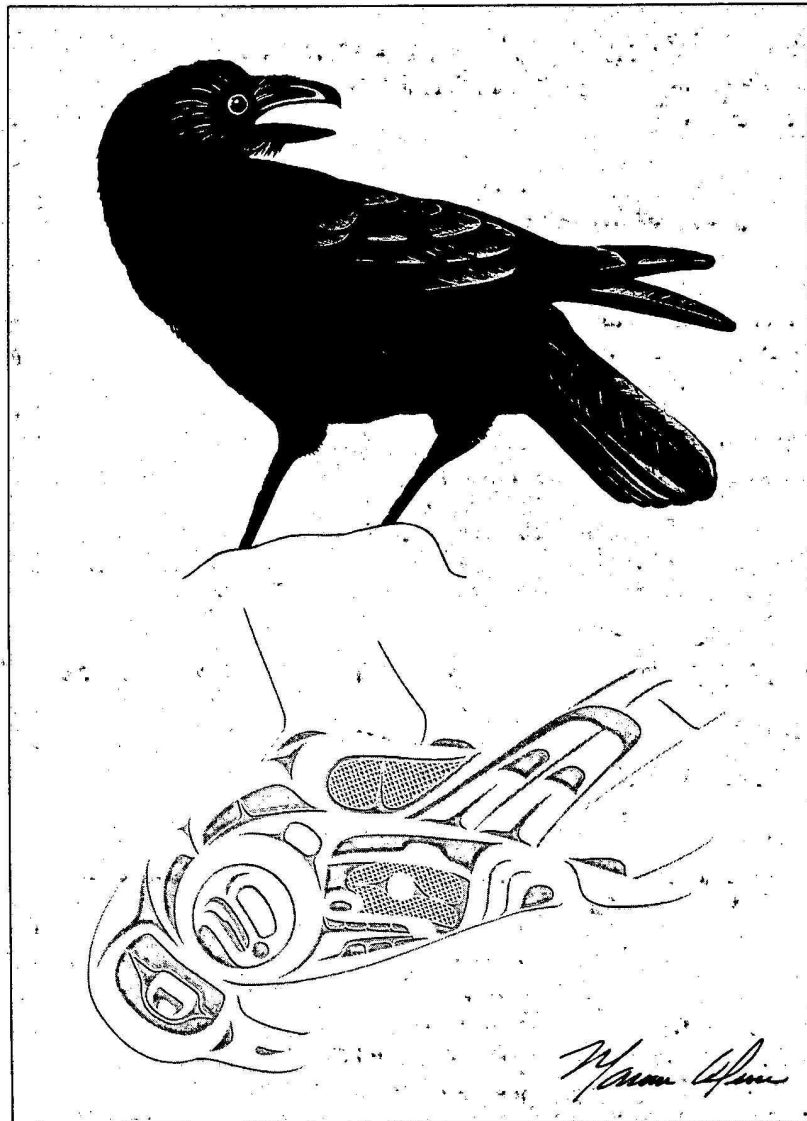
I have no regard
I have no regard in my cunt
for time or poetry
for I have no petals
I have no flame
I have the dragon
I have the fire
I have the conflagration

and the heat will not settle
(I have the snakes)
I would see you
but the flames are too high

I have the flames
in my cunt
and would burn everything
to get to you

BUT I THOUGHT I WAS HETEROSEXUAL...

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April/May 1996

North Bi Northwest

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CALENDAR

For locations, confirmations, or more information, call the appropriate message machine and someone will get back to you (with discretion if requested). For SBWN events call (206)517-7767. For all other Seattle events, (BiNet, SBMU, Polyfi, BiOut, etc.) Call (206)728-4533.

*denotes multi-gender events. \$=not a free event

Mon. April 1 - SBWN Mtg. 6:30pm.
'Queer Memories.'

Sun. April 7 - SBWN Mtg. 6:30pm.
'Jealousy - The Green Eyed Monster.'

Mon. April 8 - SBMU Mtg. 7pm. 'Open Discussion and Planning for Pride Day.'

Sat. April 13 - SBWN Social, 10:30am:
'Tour at the Tulip Festival in the Skagit Valley.' See page 3 and call Aileen for details.\$*

Mon. April 15 - SBWN Mtg. 6:30pm.
'Body Electric.'

Wed. April 17 - SBWN Social: 'Potluck and Hot Tub Party Bonnies.' Call Bonnie for details.

Sun. April 21 - SBWN Mtg. 6:30pm.
'Open Rap.'

Mon. April 29 - SBWN Mtg. 6:30pm.
'Orgasms.'

Wed. May 1 - Input deadline for North Bi Northwest June/July Issue: 'Celebrations.'

Sun. May 5 - SBWN Mtg. 6:30pm.
'TBA.'

Sun. May 5 - 5:00 pm. '2nd Annual Lesbian Health Buffett.' See page 4 for details.\$

Mon. May 7 - SBMU Mtg. 7pm. 'Toys and Techniques.'

Mon. May 13 - SBWN Mtg. 6:30pm.
'Social and Organizational Meeting.'

Sat. May 13 - Polyfidelity potluck
6:30pm, Pilgrim Congregational Church.

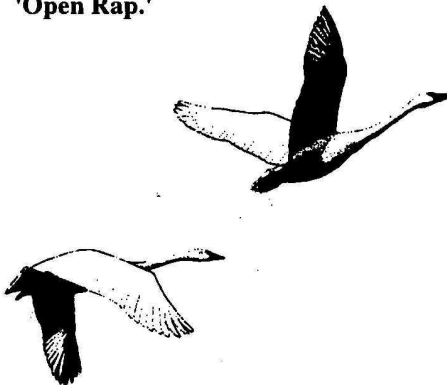
Sun. May 19 - SBWN Mtg. 6:30pm.
'Getting the girl you want.'

Sat. May 25 - SBWN Social, Noon:
'FolkLife Festival.' Call phone line for details.\$

Memorial Day Weekend - SBMU Social: 'FolkLife Festival.' Call for details.\$

Mon. May 27 - SBWN Mtg. 6:30pm.
'Open Rap.' North Bi Northwest collating/mailling.

Sun. June 2 - SBWN Mtg. 6:30pm.
'Open Rap.'



Upcoming SBWN social events:

June- 23 Sunday - Pride Day

July- 20 & 21st. Sat & Sun. - Camping Trip. TBA

August- 9th Fri. 8pm. - Luau Party at Regina's.

PEOPLE NEEDN'T BE BISEXUAL TO PARTICIPATE IN ANY OF THE ABOVE GROUPS; ONE NEEDS ONLY TO BE NON-BI-HOSTILE, AND OUGHT TO BE AT LEAST A BIT ENTERTAINING AND FRIENDLY.

Local Groups at your Service

SBWN (Seattle Bisexual Women's Network): Support and discussion groups on alternate Sundays and alternate Mondays at 6:30pm. For more information, call our message machine. Note our NEW telephone number: 517-7767.

SBWN's Social Crowd meets on the first Friday of the month for dancing at Sappho's, 9:30pm. And on the third Saturday of the month for dancing at The Easy, 9:30pm. All are welcome.

SBMU (Seattle Bisexual Men's Union): a men's anti-sexist support and social group with discussion meetings on second Mondays of the month at Pilgrim Congregational Church, room 304 (enter from 10th Ave.), and monthly social events (location varies).

Polyfidelity Discussion Group: Support group and community for people in or interested in multipartner relationships. Discussions and literature on responsible nonmonogamy, intimate networks, alternative relationships and community. Bimonthly potluck discussions, 6:30pm @ Pilgrim Congregational Church, 509 10th Ave E, Seattle; alternate month social events, venue varies.

BiNet, the Bisexual Network of Seattle: multi-gender, multicultural profeminist group. Meets the first Saturday of every month. Call 728-4533 to get involved.

BiOut Speakers Bureau: available for engagements at schools, businesses, counseling centers, churches, etc. to provide information and answers about bisexuality.